

still will do a world of good. I am pleased that we are on a path to get those votes. It is a necessary but insufficient response to the carnage that we witness in this country every single day.

This is personal to all of us. Senator KAINE said it well earlier tonight—that we have scar tissue, but it is razor-thin scar tissue compared to those today in Orlando who are living through the catastrophe of losing a 21-year-old son in the prime of his life or losing a 24-year-old daughter with all of her potential ahead of her. Our scar tissue is there, but it is tiny.

I close by telling a story that I told during my first speech on the floor of the Senate. I introduce you to Dylan Christopher Jack Hockley, who in this picture is age 6. According to just about everybody who knew him, it was impossible not to fall in love with Dylan Hockley if you met him. He loved video games, and he loved jumping on the trampoline and watching movies. He loved munching garlic bread. He had dimples, he had blue eyes, and he had this very mischievous little grin. You can see it here. And he is wearing one of his favorite shirts. His beaming smile would light up almost any room he was in. He loved to cuddle. He loved to play tag every single morning with the neighbors at the bus stop. He liked to watch movies, the color purple, and he loved seeing the Moon. He loved eating his favorite foods, especially chocolate. He was so proud that he was learning how to read, and he would bring a new book home every day. Most importantly, he adored his big brother Jake, who was his best friend and his role model.

Dylan's mom Nicole, who has been a champion in the cause of ending gun violence in the country, always thought that Dylan was, in her words, "a bit special, a bit different." She said:

He was late to develop speech. He was late to learn to crawl, and there was always a little something about him, but we couldn't put our finger on it.

He said he only liked bland foods and he wanted only plain spaghetti. He had a habit of flapping his hands when he got excited. He would put his hands over his ears when he heard sudden or loud noises. He was diagnosed with autism, but, as his father points out, autism is a spectrum with many different facets to it.

Dylan loved repetition, and he would watch his favorite movies over and over again—"Up," "Wall-E," and "The Gruffalo." He would find a particular portion of that movie that he loved and he watched that portion. He would rewind, he would watch it, he would rewind, and he would watch it. When he watched his favorite parts, his laugh was infectious.

Dylan was struggling with autism as a student at Sandy Hook Elementary School, but he was a special boy who was going to turn into a special young man.

He idolized his brother Jake, but he idolized someone else as well. He idolized a woman named Anne Marie Murphy. Anne Marie Murphy was his special education teacher and his personal aide. Over the course of the beginning of his first grade year, they formed a bond, a deep bond that is often hard to form for kids with autism like Dylan. Their bond was so tight that he had a picture of her on the refrigerator, along with his class. Every day when he would walk by the refrigerator, he would point to the picture and say "There's my class! There's Mrs. Murphy!" It meant something to him to have that relationship, and he loved going to school in large part because he knew he had someone there who loved him back.

Senator BOOKER has talked about the expectations that we should have for each other, that expectation of deep, passionate love for each other. Dylan and Anne Marie Murphy had it.

Senator BLUMENTHAL and I got to Sandy Hook Elementary School after most of the families had come to realize that their loved ones weren't coming back, that their little boys and girls were probably lying on the floor of those classrooms. We still saw and heard things that I think we both wish we didn't hear and see.

When Nicole Hockley was standing in or outside the firehouse, when she came to the slow, awful, crippling realization that her little boy was not coming back, she had a moment where she thought to herself, maybe Anne Marie will come back and she will tell me what happened to my little boy. Then she had a second thought: that Anne Marie probably wouldn't leave Dylan if he was in danger.

When Adam Lanza walked into that classroom and aimed his military-style assault weapon with clips attached to it, holding 30 bullets, Anne Marie Murphy probably had a chance to run or to hide or to panic. Instead, Anne Marie Murphy made the most courageous decision that any of us could imagine. Instead of running, instead of hiding, instead of panicking, Anne Marie Murphy found Dylan Hockley and embraced him. Do you know how we know that? Because when the police entered the classroom, that is how they found Dylan Hockley—dead, wrapped in the embrace of Anne Marie Murphy.

It doesn't take courage to stand on the floor of the Senate for 2 hours or 6 hours or 14 hours. It doesn't take courage to stand up to the gun lobby when 90 percent of your constituents want change to happen. It takes courage to look into the eye of a shooter instead of running, wrapping your arms around a 6-year-old boy and accepting death as a trade for just a tiny, little, itty piece of increased peace of mind for a little boy under your charge.

So this has been a day of questions. I ask you all this question: If Anne Marie Murphy could do that, then ask yourself what you can do to make sure that Orlando or Sandy Hook never ever happens again.

With deep gratitude to all of those who have endured this very late night, I yield the floor.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. The Senator from South Dakota.

MORNING BUSINESS

Mr. ROUNDS. Mr. President, I ask unanimous consent that the Senate be in a period of morning business, with Senators permitted to speak therein for up to 10 minutes each.

The PRESIDING OFFICER. Without objection, it is so ordered.

CHARITIES HELPING AMERICANS REGULARLY THROUGHOUT THE YEAR ACT

Mr. HATCH. Mr. President, today I wish to discuss a topic that has been near and dear to me my entire life: the importance of charities and charitable giving to the well-being of America. I am taking this moment to discuss this issue for several reasons.

Late last year, Congress managed to make permanent a few of the temporary charitable tax provisions that I have supported for years. Since then, two of my esteemed colleagues, Senator THUNE and Senator WYDEN, have introduced legislation to enact several more important charitable tax provisions. And later this week, the Alliance for Charitable Reform, the Council on Foundations, and the Independent Sector will send its members to fan out across Capitol Hill to tell Members of Congress and their staffs about the good and essential work charities and nonprofits perform every day in America.

Alexis de Tocqueville wrote in "Democracy in America" of the importance of intermediate associations that stand between the individual and a centralized state. The Catholic Church speaks about subsidiarity, the principle that matters ought to be handled by the least centralized competent authority. To put these insights into constitutional terms, the Federal Government cannot—and should not—do it all. The truth of these moral and legal principles is embodied in the work of America's churches and charities, which have played a critical role in securing the welfare of Americans throughout our Nation's history when faced with difficulties like war, natural disasters, and economic recessions and depressions.

And it is no secret that our economy has been growing much too slowly in recent years. That means that a healthy, well-resourced charitable community is essential to the well-being of those in need. As State and local governments grapple with budget deficits and revenue shortfalls and as Americans face unemployment, stagnant wages, and lower workforce participation, people in need are turning for help in ever greater numbers to churches, charities, shelters, and other social welfare groups.